

Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 11. No. 11. 2nd January, 1939.



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TATTERSALLS CLUB
SYDNEY

Established 1858

TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club
157 Elizabeth Street
Sydney

Vol. 11.

JANUARY 2, 1939.

No. 11

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•

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TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 13th May, 1939.

The Club Man's Diary

Many happy returns in January: Mr. P. Kearns, 1st; Mr. F. G. Spurway, 8th; Mr. J. A. Chew, 10th; Col. T. L. F. Rutledge, 11th; Mr. E. D. Clark, 14th; Mr. A. C. W. Hill, 16th; Mr. C. F. Viner-Hall, 21st; Mr. A. C. Ingham, 26th; Mr. N. Stirling, 27th; Mr. E. J. Hazell, 29th; Mr. R. H. Alderson, 30th.

Time moves quickly—a little too quickly. Mr. Spurway's name in the birthday list recalls an A.J.C. Derby which I picked his colt, Soorak, to win. But I was amazed to discover, on turning back the pages, that it was as long ago as 1922. Soorak appeared to have the race won when Bunty Brown swooped down with Rivoli. Soorak was a good 'un. His victories included the Sires Produce Stakes and the Toorak Handicap.

* * *

Graceful tribute to Alderman Norman Nock on his being nominated by both parties in the City Council for a second term as Lord Mayor, and re-elected unanimously, was paid by the "Sydney Morning Herald" in a leading article: "The compliment of his re-election for a second term in such fashion is a practical recognition of the Lord Mayor's tact in the council chamber, his sagacity in administration, and his dignity in upholding the office in public functions. . . ."

This deserves also to be quoted from the same editorial: "There is no less evident a tribute to the charm and success with which the Lady Mayoress has supported him on the social side of his duties."

* * *

Captain James Patrick, who has been elected a member of the committee of the Royal Shipwreck Relief and Humane Society, is head of the big shipping company bearing his name. He has made several trips to Africa on big game shooting expeditions, has been flown Australia-England return on several occasions—once having a sensational experience in a 'plane that caught fire—and is as much at home at the

joystick of a 'plane as at the wheel of a deep-sea vessel. As an expert on skis at Kosciusko, the captain's trophies have been added to. He takes a good deal of pride in his presidency of the Highland Society of N.S.W. Altogether a man of great accomplishment and one whose companionship—as I can testify—may be reckoned as part of the joy of living.

* * *

The passing of Bert Jolley was tragically sudden. Here with us one day, his rubicund countenance beaming goodwill, and the next gone. Jolley by name and jolly by nature, one could never leave Bert with the



Mr. Bert Jolley

impression other than that this was the best of all possible worlds. What we regarded as major trials he laughed off as tinpot tests. However he may have worried inwardly, as an investor, his outward calm and confidence were at all times inspirational. He started life from scratch and at the end was in affluent circumstances, but that happy condition, trips abroad and so forth, never altered his basic good fellowship. From the years 1933-37 he was a member of the committee of Tattersall's Club and rendered loyal service to members.

After the New Year's Eve party: When my host asked me if I had slept like a top, I didn't say, "No, I can't sleep when my head is spinning."

If you thought your head was the heaviest and your pocket the flattest of all time on New Year's Day you were wrong. Heads throbbed on New Years for centuries before Wassail was even English, and 12/6 for a dance ticket is a loving gift compared with the squeeze the Emperors put on the Romans on January 1.

It started as a celebration of the winter solstice. In old Rome it was the Saturnalia, even as now. Then Julius Caesar changed the calendar and delayed the opening of the New Year a few days until the first of the month honouring Janus. He was a two-faced god who looked both forward and back.

In the Rome of the Empire the heads of the State exacted presents at New Year. They got so greedy that Claudius finally set up a schedule to make it legal.

New Year is celebrated with visits, drinks, food, drinks, songs, drinks, dances, drinks, and just drinks in most of the world.

* * *

Bookish papers in England have recently been having fits of etymology and philology. That fine old word "booze," to be found in Spenser and Shakespeare as "bouse," has received attention. "Booze" somehow looks boozier than "bouse" does, comments Adam McCay in the "Sunday Sun," adding:

It is generally believed that the word is the Turk-Osmanli "bouza," perhaps old Egyptian, and that gipsies brought it into Europe and England. Besides tinsmithing, blacksmithing, fortune-telling and a little harlotry, the Romany folk no doubt included illicit grog among their itinerant trades.

Mr. V. H. Peate, a director of Swift and Co., has been re-elected President of the Federated Wine and Spirit Merchants' Association of Australia.

A Sydneysider, returned from London, produces this one from his stock of stories:

One of the "new rich" was distressed because, when out after partridges, he nearly shot the wife of one of his guests.

"Never mind," he said, apologising to the husband; "you can have a shot at my missus. She'll be along in a minute or two."

When you go on a world tour you expect to meet a few big shots, but not to be a target. These days, apparently, anything might happen. When, in the course of a world tour, recently, Mr. J. R. Kinsman, managing director of Hemingway and Robertson Pty. Ltd., was strolling in the streets of Jerusalem, a bullet intended for him lodged in a concrete wall nearby. For all that, he went on with his sightseeing. A car in which he rode had been riddled with bullets—the holey city, all right.

We offer our congratulation to Mr. Justice De Baun on his appointment as an additional Judge of the Industrial Commission. His Honor has the personal and professional attributes traditionally distinctive of the British judiciary.

Mr. C. S. Reichenbach has retired from the firm of Remington and Co., solicitors, and has become a partner in the firm of Allen, Allen and Hemsley, solicitors.

Although he has not fixed definitely the time of his departure, Ald. S. S. Crick has decided to transfer his residence temporarily to London. He will be missed in many spheres by many persons, for he has not only the knack of getting along with people, but of getting things done. Since he became chairman of the City Council's Planning and Improvement Committee, Sydney has

begun to mend its ways—its straggling ways and byways. Reform and Labour aldermen paid a tribute to his services in that capacity.

For many years, Ald. Crick was managing director of one of the major motion picture distributing companies, and in recent times transferred to the legitimate theatre as co-managing director—with Messrs. George Dean and Frank Tait—of Australian and New Zealand Theatres Ltd. A representative niche in the great metropolis for this far-sighted and forceful native Australian would be in every way to the good of the Commonwealth.



Mr. S. J. Simpson

Steve Simpson was "up and about" almost to the hour of his farewelling this life that he had lived so colourfully and purposefully. That was how he had wished to go; active to the end, not forgetting anybody, not regretting anything. It squared with his concept of life, a pleasant adventure in which good fellowship capped every stage. Always he counted that his greatest gain. He had little relish for the so-called honours of place and power. To know him was to realise the futility of all that. He put his heart and soul into whatsoever he undertook, and he gave his heart and soul to whomever he counted a friend. A simple, sincere fellow was Steve—simple in his requirements as they concerned himself; sincere in his striving for others. Very many felt genuinely a pang at his passing.

Stephen John Simpson—abridged so familiarly to "Steve"—was a member of the firm of Paper Products Ltd. In leisure he turned to racing, having been a member of the A.J.C., and to golf, as a member of the Australian Club.

"A pleasure to race with such a fine fellow as Peter Riddle, your trainer," was the tribute of Mr. W. T. Kerr recently. Others have paid similar compliments to this friendly fellow, and the general wish is that he be restored quickly in the new year to his former health and strength. A spell in hospital has not altogether cut off Peter's interest in racing. He has followed it with the old-time zest, and kept in touch with the affairs of his stable.

Leland Stanford, an early Governor of California, who owned a famous racing stable, had a heated argument with one James Keene about the action of a horse's legs and feet in racing stride. Stanford insisted that at some point in a race a horse's hooves are completely clear of the ground. He engaged Photographer Eadweard Muybridge to prove it and Muybridge used a battery of 24 cameras to photograph a running horse's stride. The horse set off each camera by touching strings laid across the track, the strings controlling the camera shutters. Stanford won.

The consecutive photos revealed that the four hooves cleared the ground completely. The experiment was halted for some time. Muybridge killed his wife's betrayer and could not resume his experiments until the jury turned him free.

*When I hear sad, depressing news
I say: "It's no more than the views
Of people who perhaps know less
Than I. Their talk is but a guess
On so-and-so and such-and-such—
That more means less and little
much."*

*With "ifs" and "buts" and claims
unfounded,
They make confusion worse con-
founded.*

*While they create this great ado,
In truth they know no more than
you!*

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Faces and Fortunes

How Do You Do? . . . And How Did You Do?
Men Met at Tattersall's Club's Two Days' Meeting at Randwick.

The cloud blotting out the blue gleam of summer sky between noon and 1 p.m. on the first day of the meeting. Probably it scared off a few, but many thousands were content to take a tip straight from the Mare's mouth.

Reg. Alderson took a rational view: Where was the rain to come from? Too often we are apt to magnify a speck, such as a cloud, and contort its portent. You have to be a philosopher or a gambler to overcome these problems. Or to know, like Reg. Alderson, that the effect is purely psychological. One cloud doesn't make a deluge.

Frank Lubrano, who has the soul of a poet, pauses a while with me between races to search among contemporary associates for many who can be happy without being restless. The leisured Bohemia we knew is ashes. Wine was taken to colour conversation, not to inspire a competitive yen to throw the greater missile. It was a period blending the democracy of good fellowship with the aristocracy of intellect . . . and so we came down to realise that we must be off if that bet were to be placed on "the next." Yet not before we had talked of the appropriate and (often) dampfool naming of horses.

My selection for the best at Randwick that day was Gilded Wings, by Magpie from Rising Sun. Nothing finer than that, and few to equal it, including Elfacre—does my memory serve in calling up Linacre-Bewitch? I would like one day to meet the poet who "thought up" Gilded Wings and instal him in a Chair of Turf Nomenclature.

I've seen the gilded wings of magpies flashing in the rising sun when my school vacations were spent on a station "way back when." As a young newspaper man I remember Senator Keating (whom John O'Dea, of the great political memory will recall) rising at a banquet and dashing off a stanza of Barcroft Boake's "Desiree", in which occurs a magic magpie line:

*Will she spring with a blush from
the arms of dawn
When the sleepy songsters prune
Their dewy vestments on bush and
thorn,
And the jovial magpie winds his
horn,
In sweet reveil to the lazy morn,
And the sun comes all too soon?*

Fancy a banqueter to-day quoting



DELMESTOR,
winner of the Carrington Stakes, 1938.

a poet, and finding in his audience a passionate reaction!

But time is flying and Frank Lubrano names Bel Oiseau ("Beautiful Bird"), by Beau Pere from Joybird, among the neatly named. He adds: "I think, further, that it should win. I have taken Electra, but now I like the other better." He moves to go, but I check him with: "The name Good Morning, for the filly by Beau Pere—Awaken, is less inspired, but still not so bad." And before Frank has time to save on his beautiful bird they're off!

Nearing the post a club member sitting in front of us is calling for Good Morning . . . "Good Morning! Good Morning! Good Morning!" Mr. J. M. C. Forsayth con-

tents himself, as they approach the post with: "Good Afternoon," a decisive finale. I, who have a little on John Peel (part-owned by Sir Sydney Snow), add with feeling: "And Good Knight."

Harold Bowden and Claude Kingston, of the J.C.W. Theatres, selected Figurine, but turn away from my suggestion that the influence of the Covent Garden ballet is responsible. They don't bet on sentiment, they say. And, as executives, they are interested more in the figures that go to make up the balance-sheet rather than those of the ballet. With a cry of despair I leave them.

Chief Secretary Gollan greets me again. It's a few years since, as a private member, he walked into my room in a Sydney daily newspaper office and put on my desk a suburban newspaper with a passage in the news section blue pencilled.

The joke published was definitely on him, but he didn't mind; he thought it would read well in the special column I was writing at that time. When I tell you that the quip made the Editor laugh you may estimate its excellence. Editors, as a tribe, don't laugh—not officially.

Peekmond is his sire (Veilmond) over again, but only in looks. I salute the name of Veilmond in memory of a day when he landed "the last"—one of the few occasions when I noticed the late Ned Moss register emotion.

I was again to think of Ned. In the second division of the Maiden. I was in a position to see J. C. Bendrodt ride home his Gay Lothario gelding, Gay Fortune. But he dismounted in the straight, so to speak. Gay Lothario jumped out well, and kept his owner's glasses on him. But some time before the finish Mr. Bendrodt had discarded his glasses, and said something like "tish."

Ned Moss had ridden Vaals from the moment he exclaimed, rather

(Continued on Page 7.)

NEW YEAR RESOLUTION!

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HELIDON SPA

For Better Health

(Continued from Page 5.)

agitatedly: "Billy Pearson's horse will beat me"—meaning Amounis. It did not so happen.

But perhaps the greatest grandstand rider of 'em all was the late Tom Hannan, peace to his soul. Do you remember the night we entertained him in the club and James Barnes handed him the honour of life membership? Tom's greatest pride that evening, after acknowledging the distinction, was to call for the man who had been his shipmate on the voyage out to Australia. "Stand up, Pat," called Tom, who proclaimed him with a sentimental gesture. I thought, that's FRIENDSHIP.

Interlude: Messrs. W. R. Dovey, K.C., Frank Underwood and Llewellyn Brown clink glasses. . . . The Chairman (Mr. W. W. Hill) comes across to shake hands and to wish me the best in the new year. I know the sincerity of that grip, and that wish these ever so many new years. That's FRIENDSHIP. . . . Architect Theo Marks and Master Builder Arch. Howie look over specifications for the Juvenile Stakes. . . . Fred Williams' brown ensemble couldn't be faulted. . . . Aside to James Barnes: And may you wear many another sprig to a Tattersall's Club meeting . . . the Hon. M. F. Bruxner may need a stand-in as a handshaker . . . there's no denying his personal popularity. . . . Bill Tonkin, Editor-in-Chief of "The Sun" advises me to read H. G. Wells' latest, "Apropos Dolores." I seek to pass on the tip to George Chiene, but he is rushing out after another tip. . . . At various stages good wishes exchanged with Messrs. S. E. Chatterton, Frank Spencer, H. C. Bartley, John A. Roles, George Marlow and J. H. O'Dea. . . .

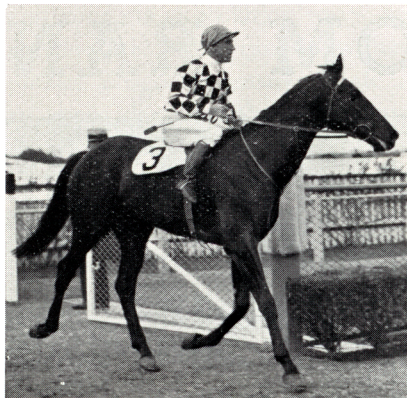
Mel Lawton says that two great minds think alike when I commend Early Bird for the Carrington. But he adds: "I can't have Bradford run against me." Unfortunately Delmestor ran against me. Another stride and . . . Still, that doesn't make the bookmakers pay. Early Bird was just too late.

In the city in the morning Frank Carberry and I stand at the corner of Park and Pitt Streets and philosophise. Not a word about racing.

A come-by-chance meeting and a discussion probably we wouldn't start again in one hundred meetings. In the afternoon I espy him at Randwick and wonder if he remains the philosopher of the morning.

There's the old song: "Some Day When Dreams Come True." It's an empty, romantic, unclassical composition, not a bit soul-satisfying. The chance that came my way to give it substance was mulled like a sifter in the slips.

My dream, some time in the early morning of December 23, found me writing again in a room I occupied formerly in a Sydney daily newspaper office. The telephone rang. I told the inquirer that Bristol had won. Alan Dexter, now turf editor



BRISTOL,
winner of Tattersall's Club Cup, 1939.

of "The Sunday Sun," and who at that time occupied a room next door, walked into my office at that moment, heard what I had said, and regarded me with a look of blank astonishment. My rejoinder was: "Alan, you ought to know that's correct. Bristol won all right." Alan's reply was: "It's news to me. Why, the race doesn't take place until to-morrow!" Then I woke.

At breakfast I mentioned my dream to my family, and promptly forgot all about it until writing down the names of the riders in Tattersall's Cup. Then I soliloquised: "Wake up! Bringa's your best bet, with a saver on Young Crusader." First question addressed me when I arrived home was: "Did you back your dream horse?"

The point to be remembered is that I hadn't dreamt of Bristol's winning any particular race at any

particular time. And the voice at the other end of the 'phone had simply inquired "Which won?"

At luncheon on the second day I sat opposite Greg. Keighrey and, between the courses, we re-ran many courses at Rooty Hill and elsewhere with the great dogs he had owned and others we both had seen. Greg. left me with the assurance that he was on his way to make his expenses for a forthcoming trip to New Zealand.

Before that Bill McIver came across and extended new year greetings. Mine host in such a centre as Kensington, Bill should come to racing headquarters well primed with information.

Jack Flitcroft was posted among the missing. Walter Furlong explained: "Jack's life saving efforts at Clifton Gardens, on the previous Sunday, provided him with all the excitement he wanted for some time."

Hugh Macken calls me over for a drink and detects a green-leaded pencil with which I make a note. Isn't the colour a little premature? he asks. My explanation is that it was brought out specially to do justice to a recording of Sir James Murdoch's tartan tie—which, by the way, Sir James indicated proudly to me.

It was Sir James who told me a true story associated with the erection of the Burns statue at Canberra. Along came a wayfarer and asked what was going up. "A statue in memory of Burns," one of the men on the job volunteered. "Good," said the stranger enthusiastically. "There's no doubt about him putting up a great fight against Johnson!"

* * *

ON WITH THE NEW !

*Shed me no tears for the joy that
is banished,
Sing me no dirge for the day that
is done.*

*There comes a new joy for each that
is vanished;*

*There dawns a new day with each
rising sun;*

*New tasks to master, and new
friends to try.*

*What has been, is no more. Peace!
Let it die!*

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TO RANGE



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The Art of Good Living

By Andre Simon



"Good wine needs no bush" is a Horatian dictum still unchallenged after nearly two thousand years. But even if not in need of either bush or push, good wine demands, and repays, a great deal of care and consideration. Good wine never is so good as when we drink it in good company, from the right kind of glasses and with the right kind of food.

The company is the most difficult factor because it is the most uncertain; one is rarely quite free to ask none but the guests one would really like to dine and wine with. It may be that a delightful lady has a bore of a husband, or that your best man friend has a wife who either will smoke cigarettes between each course or else use such an abundance of scent or cosmeetic that your wine will have no chance in her presence; and yet it is quite possible that you cannot or dare not invite the one without the other. Nor can you ever be certain of the mood in which every one of your guests will come to your party. Yet it is of the utmost importance that they should all be happy in each

other's and your company, if the wine which you are to serve is to give the full measure of joy within its power.

Glasses are a much simpler proposition; true, they may, and some day or other they are sure to, be broken, but they can always be replaced. What is of great importance is to select glasses which in style and size are going to help you and your guests to enjoy your—and their—wine. One can do without glasses altogether; many people do so every day, but the wine which they drink straight from the bottle itself is the type of gargle wine which keeps the working classes of wine-growing lands working and happy; it is dark, strong and young wine, and it does them good, but it is not good wine.

Good wine must be drunk from a glass, and not from any glass, but a glass that will show off the colour of the wine, be it ruby or golden; one that will be large enough to hold a generous measure of wine, so that its delicate "bouquet" may be enjoyed to the full; one, also, that will be a flimsy and silky fab-

ric and greet the lips in a lady-like manner.

There are people with more money than sense who serve wine in beautiful glasses absolutely admirable as works of art, but quite useless as friends; a friend is he or she who can be depended upon for help in time of need. This is what the wineglass should be.

We do not shut out the light of the sun by using smoked glass windows, and we should never let our wineglasses spoil the sparkling, joyous colour of the bottled sunshine that is wine by their own artificial colourings. Only the purest white glasses are dependable friends—coloured glasses are mockers. As to small glasses, the miserably undersized misfits which one is obliged to face so often in private houses are an insult to the spirit of hospitality and to true wine.

The friendly wineglass has room not only for a right measure of wine, but also for one's nose to bow, enter and pay due homage to the sweet aroma which all good wines offer so discreetly, sometimes so hesitatingly, and only to the deserv-

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● Our business has been maintained and extended by kindly recommendation of satisfied customers.

Cotton Tries His New Woods

A Match Set Now Available To All

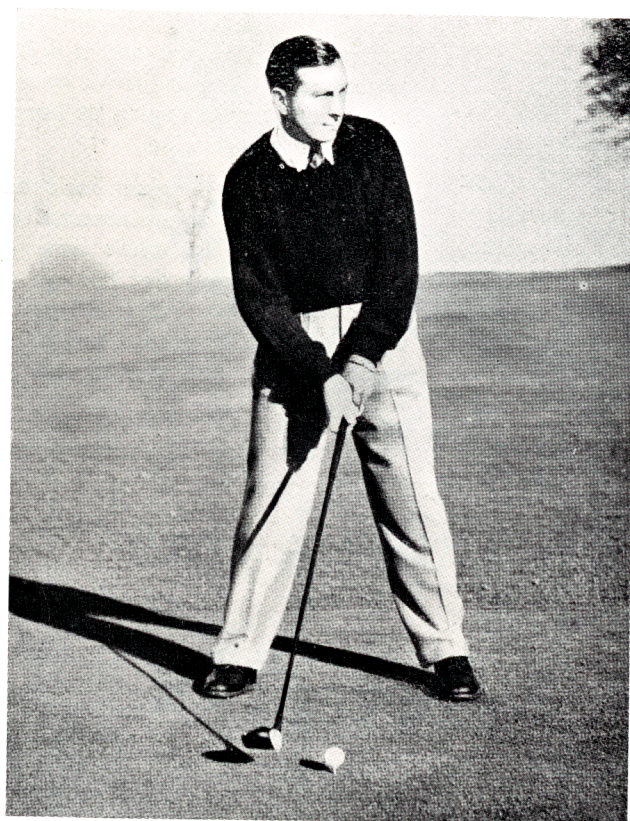
Like every other golfer in search of extra yards and immaculate direction, Cotton likes to try out new clubs; but the arrival at Ashbridge last week of a set of four new woods was an extra special occasion. These were the very first set sent out from Spaldings of matched woods bearing Cotton's signature. But though this was the first time Cotton had had the pleasure of handling the four woods as they will be sent out to golfers all over the world, he was familiar enough with the clubs for he had taken a year to perfect them.

Cotton's genius for taking pains is well known, and he said as he took them out of their box:—

"I have been waiting a long time for them, but we wanted them to be better than any golf clubs that have ever been made, and now I feel they can go out to the golfing world. We, as British manufacturers, feel that these clubs are the best in the world. I knew that they would be alright, but now I've actually got them in my bag I am doubly sure.

The shafts are special True Tem-

per manufactured to Cotton's specification by British Steel Golf Shafts Ltd. The grips incorporate special features, including a slight flatness along the shaft, parallel to the face, just where the index finger of the right hand comes, and a specially moulded "kind" feeling undergrip composition giving a uniform thickness and making for a no-shock, non-slipping grip. The heads are made from specially selected persimmon, the weighting of them being what is called "power weighting," the most modern and scientifically correct method.



Trying out the driver—a last look before despatching the ball on a long journey down the middle.



Cotton's finish—typically high and controlled. The balance is worthy of note as is the perfect bracing of the left leg.

(The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.)

The New Age

Has the World Reached the End of an Epoch?

Probably the most insistent question, in the background at least and sometimes poignantly in the foreground of thoughtful minds throughout the world, is whether we have not reached the end of an epoch. This epoch has been one of the greatest material accomplishment and, though radical agitation denies or ignores it, of great social advancement for the masses in the western world, especially in the United States.

It has included the invention and building of the railroads and steam transport on the seas, mass production of commodities, the coming of the telegraph, the telephone, the radio, and the airplane, the reaper and cotton gin, the power plants and electric light and power, the skyscraper in America, the automobile and the vast system of modern highways, the unnumbered devices and facilities which have lightened labour on farm and factory in advanced countries, the advance of medical knowledge and practice, the conquest of most of the great epidemic diseases which through the ages have destroyed vast numbers.

This gigantic achievement has been so pervasive in its effects, has flowed so widely into the common lives of men that it has come to be taken as a matter of course. We press the button and the light comes on. A miracle has occurred, but we take it as we take the air we breathe.

Genius, the rare gift of superior minds and wills, has passed its gift to us and we take it for granted.

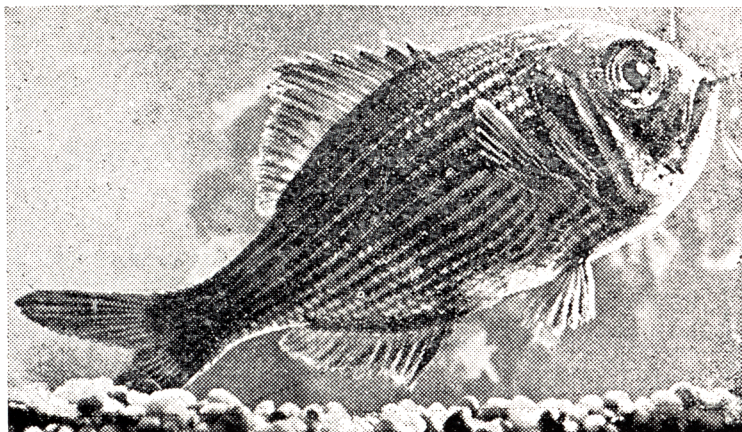
But this world of new comforts and aids to living, of new experiences and powers, was not created impromptu nor by votes. It was created by the individual, not by masses or majorities. It was created by the effort and sacrifice of pioneers and leaders and organisers. It has cost self-sacrifice, self-control, self-direction, not only in the labour of the scientist and the inventor, but in the genius and labour of the manufacturer, the business man and the financier. A vast mechanism for creation, production, distribution of the new goods and services of the modern world has been built, and only by its protection and maintenance can they be brought as they are being brought to the general body of the people.

Yet there is reason for concern lest the structure which has raised the common condition of us all has been gravely weakened. There is reason to fear that for lack of clearer understanding of the price which must be paid for the accomplishments we enjoy, the price of reason, of intellectual labour, of self-discipline, and self-control, the price of law and social peace, the destructive influences now at work throughout human society will disintegrate and shake the structure down.

Communism is its deadly enemy, but there are many other subversive ideas and forces at work to strangle initiative and enterprise, to breed envy and distrust of success, however honourable and profitable to all, to inflame violence and the primitive passion to destroy. The only defence from these passions is understanding of the conditions, moral and intellectual, which have made civilisation with its gifts possible and which are essential to its preservation.

If given peace and order the great processes which have created the welfare which civilisation enjoys will carry us forward, will accomplish new miracles. But the incoming generation will not receive them out of the air. They are not ordained. They must be sustained by the same virtues of the mind and character that produced them. If they are not sustained the new epoch will be one of rapid decay. The achievements of our epoch will not be rivalled, or continued, or even retained. The deterioration of morale and clear thinking, of which there have been so many grave examples in recent years, will drop the whole level of human life to a far lower level, and far from producing an equalitarian Utopia for all there will be established a tyranny of poverty, perhaps of despair.

(Continued on Page 20.)



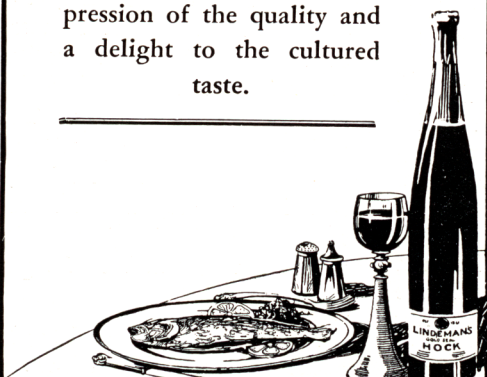
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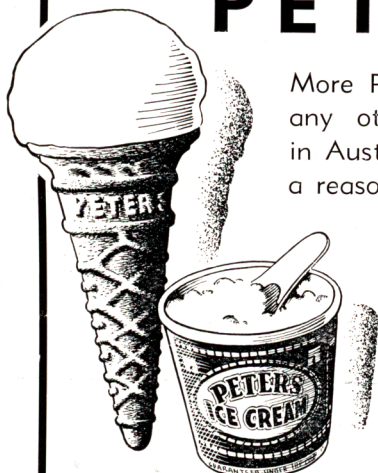
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Peters
ICE CREAM

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If you are going abroad and require expert management of your affairs during your absence, you cannot do better than appoint Perpetual Trustee Company Limited to act as Attorney or Agent. The Company offers the services of a staff highly qualified to manage all details of your affairs. It can arrange to make regular payments to you in any part of the world. You are invited to make an appointment with a senior officer of the Company to discuss its methods, and charge. You might prefer to write for an explanatory booklet?

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33-39 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

Pool Splashes

Murphy Lands Point Score—Hawaiian Star, Nykama, to Contest N.S.W. Championships

During the month the Swimming Club welcomed a couple of new members in Messrs. Withycombe and Parker, both finishing third in the heats of their first races.

Eric Stocks and Stan Carroll opened their seasons and Alec. Richards forsook his starting job to win a heat "first-up".

Big fields marked the month's racing and it looks as if the boys must be getting into "nick" as a 60 yards race drew the biggest field of the season.

Some really good times have been recorded, too, and for the first time for a season or more 20 secs. was broken for 40 yards, Vic. Richards doing 19 4/5 secs.

Other good clockings recorded were as follows: 40 yards: 21 secs., W. S. Edwards, 21 4/5 secs., V. Richards and J. Dexter. 60 yards: 32 secs., V. Richards.

Dewar Cup.

There is a long way to go before the destination of this valuable trophy is decided for season 1938-9 but already some of the competitors have handy leads.

Leaders to date are:

J. Dexter, 55; G. Goldie and V. Richards, 45; W. S. Edwards, 44 1/2; C. Godhard, 35; C. D. Tarrant, 33; A. S. Block, 31 1/2; A. Dougall, 27; A. Pick, 26; N. P. Murphy, 25.

Nykama to Swim.

Big news of the swimming season is the prospective appearance of Nykama, the Hawaiian champion, after a near breakdown in the negotiations.

Though his name is not as well-known in Australia as those of some of our previous visitors this speedster is right up to the form of the best of them.

Of interest to Australians is the fact that he is a protege of Duke Kahanamoku, the popular world champion who came to Australia just before the war.

Nykama's chief opponents in Sydney will be Robin Biddulph and the ever-green Noel Ryan, both of whom are moving along well. Bid-

dulph has recently suffered from another of his periodic doses of bronchitis and is now training doubly hard to make up for lost time.

According to the record book Nykama has a little the better times than Biddulph and Ryan, but the gap is not so large as to make any of the contests uninteresting, such as have been the more recent battles between Medica and our best.

Club Races.

November 17th, 40 yds. Handicap: J. Dexter (24) 1, B. E. McCormick (25) 2, A. Pick (27) 3. Time 22 4/5 secs.

November 24th, 60 yds. Handicap: A. Dougall (42) 1, N. P. Murphy (43) 2, G. Goldie (55) 3. Time 39 secs.

December 1st, 80 yds. Brace Relay Handicap: J. Buckle and J. Dexter (48) 1, N. P. Murphy and C. Godhard (51) 2, A. Dougall and D. Tarrant (50) 3. Time 45 2/5 secs.

December 8th, 40 yds. Handicap: V. Richards (21) 1, W. S. Edwards (22) 2, C. Godhard (24) 3. Time 19 4/5 secs.

December 15th, 60 yds. Handicap: A. S. Block (41) and A. Richards (38) 1, J. Dexter (37) 3.

November - December Point Score.

N. P. Murphy, 23 points, 1; J. Dexter, 22, 2; A. Dougall, 20, 3; G. Goldie and J. Buckle, 18, 4; W. S. Edwards, 16, 5.

HANDBALL

W. A. Tebbutt, Club Handball Champion of two years ago, won the title for 1938 by defeating 1937 champion, E. E. Davis.

Results of championship contests decided since last issue are:

"A" Grade Championship.

Semi-Finals: W. A. Tebbutt defeated A. S. Block; E. E. Davis d. A. E. Rainbow.

Final: W. A. Tebbutt d. E. E. Davis.

"B" Grade Championships.

Semi-Finals: J. Buckle d. J. N. Creer; A. Pick d. N. Conroy.

The final is to be played by J. Buckle and A. Pick.

"C" Grade Championship.

Third Round: E. Pratten d. E. Fauser; A. E. Lawton d. W. Salmon; H. Davoren d. N. Barrell.

Semi-Finals: I. Green d. H. Davoren; E. Pratten to play A. E. Lawton.

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CASHEWS · ALMONDS
· PEANUTS ·
Take a Jar home with you

Great Match Race in America

How Seabiscuit Beat War Admiral

The matching of America's two greatest horses, Seabiscuit and War Admiral, created tremendous excitement throughout the U.S.A. Each was weighted at 120 lbs. and the distance was 1 3-16th mile. Seabiscuit won by three lengths in 1.56 3-5 before a crowd of 40,000. The race was winner take all. The Maryland Jockey Club hung up £3,750 and a trophy.

Seabiscuit is a five-year-old son of Hard Tack—Swing On. Hard Tack was sired by Man-o'-War. Seabiscuit is a bay colt standing 15 hands 2 inches, weighing 1,040 pounds. He was bred by the Wheatley stable and was sold as a three-year-old for £2,000. He has faced the barrier 83 times in all parts of the country, scoring 31 victories, 12 seconds and 13 thirds. He has earned £82,761. He was out of the money only once in the last two years. He is a great stretch runner.

War Admiral is a four-year-old son of Man-o'-War—Brushup. He is a brown colt standing 15 hands 2½ inches, weighing 966 pounds. He has won £64,262 with 18 victories, 2 seconds, and 1 third in 22 starts. He was three-year-old champion of 1937 with eight straight victories, including the Kentucky Derby, Preakness, and Belmont stakes. He is quiet around the stable but fractious at post. He likes to run in front.

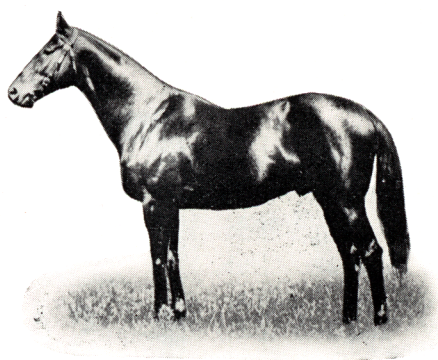
It was a hard, bitter, and punishing race until the last eighth of a mile. The time of 1.56 3-5, lowering Pompoon's track record by a fifth of a second, surprised few. The world record for a mile and three-sixteenths is 1.55, set by Discovery at Narragansett in 1934.

Seabiscuit led for all but a brief span down the backstretch.

The £3,750 which went to the winner brough Seabiscuit's total earnings to £85,120, within striking distance of Sun Beau's world record of £94,186. Seabiscuit returned 6 dollars 40 cents, or better than 2 to 1.

The impost for each was 120 pounds, and it must have seemed light to the horse who at five years of age is the standard thoroughbred in America. Jockey George Woolf won the race by taking the track from War Admiral. The wisecracker said this could not be done.

Woolf accomplished it by whipping Seabiscuit away from the post. Starting with a tremendous burst



Man o' War.

that must have caught Jockey Charley Kurtsinger by surprise, Seabiscuit jumped a length in front under the sting of the lash. Passing the stands the first time, Seabiscuit was well enough in front to be able to cross over from the No. 2 post position and take the rail.

Around the first turn and into the back stretch Woolf eased Seabiscuit a trifle wide forcing out War Admiral. Kurtsinger, always cool and collected, knew he was getting the worst of things and decided to ask War Admiral the question in the long, straight run that stretched away to the far turn.

He loosened his hold and slashed with the whip. The Man-o'-War colt went forward with a bound. Within thirty yards the two were head and head as a deafening roar billowed from the crowd. For another eighth they kept the same positions. Then War Admiral's nose showed in front.

The two went to the far turn as one horse, went around that bend as one horse, and headed for the home stretch still with nothing between them. Kurtsinger, who stated before the race that he never had had to ask War Admiral for his best, asked now. With all the skill that has made him one of the country's first flight riders, he drove forward with War Admiral.

Woolf, too, was driving. He knew that final turn into the stretch was the last bid of the horse who justly has been called Man-o'-War's greatest son. He, too, flung everything into the drive. Smith, grizzled and tight-lipped, must have wondered how Seabiscuit's knee was standing the twisting, as well as the pounding, that a turn produces. It is on turns that thoroughbred's knees give way. But Seabiscuit's knee did not give and his courage has been proven. Through the last eighth of a mile it was a procession.

In all £188,702 was bet on the day, the sum of £19,200 being wagered on the match race. Of this total £13,724 went in on War Admiral, and £5,478 on Seabiscuit.

The fractional time follows: 23 3-5, 47 3-5, 1.11 4-5, 1.36 4-5, and 1.56 3-5. Although it does not count, the time for the mile is almost a full second faster than the track record of 1.37 3-5 set by June Grass in 1923.

The Quintuplets

(From "Harper's Magazine")

Callander, Ontario, is now the summer crossroads of America. From early morning till long after dark, cars roll through the small village at the rate of one a minute, bearing eager sightseers bound for the world's wonder children. The cavalcade number 3,000 people on an average week day, and on week-ends, upwards of 8,000—70 per cent. from the United States.

Evidence of the Quints' economic influence is seen on every Ontario highway leading to the north country.

Callander was an all but abandoned lumber town at the time of the Quintuplets' birth, four years ago. There was a small country hotel, a general store, a garage or two, and a scattering of houses. Four of the town's lumber mills had burned down; the remaining one was closed. In the surrounding township 800 people were on relief, and taxes were thousands of dollars in arrears.

To-day taxes are paid up and the only persons on relief are those unemployable because of age or sickness. Callander's hotels now have accommodation for 1,500. Along the once empty highway from North Bay, more than four miles of tourist cabins have sprung up. Trans-continental express trains now stop, without flagging, at the station which has replaced the former box car. A parcel of land that changed hands at 200 dollars is now quoted at 5,000 dollars.

Compared with the money the Quintuplets have made for others—hotel-keepers, merchants, transportation companies—their own earnings seem modest. Officially, their gross take has so far been over 750,000 dollars. Of this sum, 600,000 dollars is invested in Provincial and Dominion Bonds. They pay their own living expenses, contribute 300 dollars a month to support their parents, and are sending three of their brothers and sisters to school.

Not including the lawyers retained from time to time to prevent the unauthorized use of their names

there are 14 people on their pay-rolls: two nurses, three policemen, two maids, a teacher, a housekeeper and a cook; the kindly Dr. Dafoe, whose monthly fee remains, at his insistence, 200 dollars; the Quints' business manager, the secretary-treasurer of the Board of Guardians, and Dr. Dafoe's secretary. The total costs of caring for the five girls are running about 2,000 in excess of the 20,000 dollar income from their investments.

Their latest source of revenue has been the movies. Their first picture—The Country Doctor—brought them 50,000 dollars, and the same company has paid 250,000 for rights to make three more pictures. They receive 10,000 dollars a year from news-reel rights, and many thousands from the use of still pictures magazines and newspapers in every country in the world.

Another big source of revenue has been advertising. The five sisters have endorsed corn syrup, cod liver oil, a disinfectant, diapers, milk products, toys and children's clothes. One contract in the soap and dentrifice field will bring them 55,000 dollars over a three-year period, and their public approval of a well-known breakfast food made them 25,000 dollars. Their advertising revenues are just less than they might have been had not their guardians steadfastly refused to endorse any product not actually used by the children.

The Quints' finances have caused dramatic conflicts between those interested in their welfare and those anxious to exploit their earning powers. Three days after the babies were born the bewildered father signed a contract with one Ivan Spear to permit their exhibition at the Chicago World's Fair. This amazing contract had no time limit and included every conceivable right of exploitation. But it did have a provision that the babies could not be removed without the consent of Dr. Dafoe.

A storm of disapproval broke round Dionne's head as soon as these terms were known. Falling

back on the saving clause, he repudiated the agreement. Spear sued all those connected with the incident for 1,000,000 dollars, but the suit was dismissed in Federal District Court. To protect the babies and Papa Dionne himself from the threat of equally dangerous commitments, Dr. Dafoe, with the help of others, induced Dionne and his wife to agree to a temporary guardianship which removed the children from their parents' control.

From that time on a fued raged between the successive boards of guardians and numerous individuals who had hoped to secure the Quints' earnings for themselves. As a result the Provincial Government has replaced the temporary guardianship with a permanent one, making the five children wards of the King until their 18th birthday.

The fued led also to two well-planned attempts to kidnap the children and remove them from the jurisdiction of the Ontario courts. To-day their health and safety make it necessary for them to live in what is virtually a concentration camp—guarded by special police and a heavy wire fence.

Perhaps the most curious of the battles to profit from the Quints' was the prolonged legal struggle between two manufacturers of corn syrup. The first meal served the infants was a 7-20 mixture of cow's milk and water with a few drops of rum and corn syrup. When the news was made known, the president of the St. Lawrence Starch Company in Canada shipped a case of their Beehive Syrup to Callander. He also sent a cheque to which there were no strings attached. Then advertisements appeared proclaiming that Beehive Corn Syrup had been the first food to pass the babies' lips. Beehive's sales immediately skyrocketed.

The Canada Starch Company, whose Crown Brand Syrup had previously been the best seller, quickly sued the Beehive people for 150,000 dollars damages. Their

(Continued on Page 20.)



Capstan Clock Series

CEYLON. From the top of the clock tower surmounted by a lighthouse at the intersection of Chatham and Queen Streets, a fine view over Colombo is obtained.

Here in the heart of the tropical Orient, as in every zone on Earth to the very rim of man's domain—North, South, East, West—it is always

TIME FOR A CAPSTAN
Special **MILD—MEDIUM or FULL**

Billiards and Snooker

In last issue the matter of using a fountain pen instead of a recognised billiards cue was touched upon.

Main cause of the article was because of an English snooker champion, Alec. Brown, using his writing implement as illustrated. He was penalised "seven points" by the referee, and now the Billiards and Control Council have laid down a rule that a billiards cue shall not measure less than 3ft. 6in. in length and of traditional shape. A diagram is reproduced on this page showing the exact position of the balls at the time Brown made the "foul" shot, and readers will agree that anything but a penalty for his action would have been a travesty of justice and against all laws of equity.

Ability Recognised.

It is pleasing to record that the efforts of A. Pellet, of Melbourne, who marked and refereed the Empire Championships last February, have been recognised by the world authorities in the shape of an "A" Grade certificate. Pity of it is that we have not an examining board in Australia.

Horace Lindrum receives credit from those "high up" for having, with Joe Davis, put snooker right on the map. His century runs at the multi-ball game tally 44 and he is second only to the world champion in this regard.

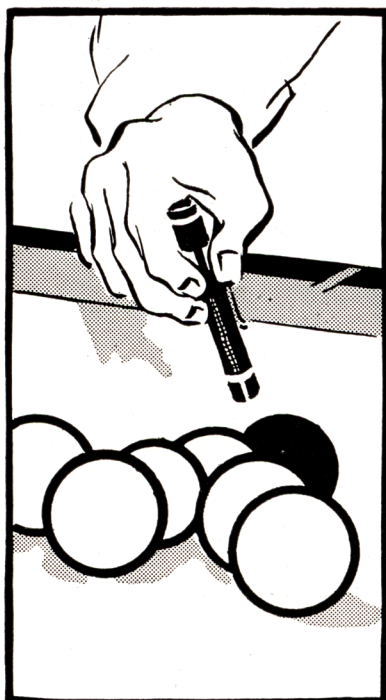
Many times the question is asked: "How old is Horace Lindrum?" Well, to those interested, Horace was born in Sydney on January 5, 1912. He is not a Melbournian as is generally supposed.

Talking of ages, Joe Davis was born on April 15, 1901, and is, therefore, a comparatively young man. He should be quite capable of holding the fort against all-comers for another generation at least.

Willie Smith is the "old man" of the green cloth, having been born on January 25, 1886 at Darlington, (Eng.). And Willie is still up among the very best of them. They last a long time at billiards.

Official Rulings.

From time to time little differences occur between players with regard to interpretations of rules. Members will be pleased to learn that all rulings given in this magazine from month to month are of-



The diagram depicted above shows the exact position of the balls on the occasion when Alec Brown, of England, used a tipped fountain pen in lieu of a billiards cue. A repetition is impossible in view of a new ruling as outlined in accompanying story.

ficial and are quoted after submission to the B. and C.C. of England, the controlling body.

A player was much concerned because in playing billiards he had made a break of 26 and then found he was playing with the wrong ball. There was some debate as to whether or not he was entitled to any points scored. He was. The official ruling is that if a player plays with the wrong ball it is a foul shot, but he scores all points he has made until the foul is awarded.

As a matter of fact, an identical case happened in Sydney a few years back when the South Australian champion, Herbert Goldsmith,

was playing Leslie Hayes. Goldsmith had a run of 153 to his credit when it was discovered he was playing with the wrong ball. The rule books were brought out and referee S. McCathie of Melbourne awarded (rightly) all points scored but declared the break ended and spotted the balls.

A snooker problem was not so easily disposed of. This is what took place.

The game ended in a tie and the marker spotted the black ball while the opponents tossed for break-up.

First striker struck the black and careering round the table went in-off. He claimed that as his opponent might do the same with his first stroke, he was still in the game. He was wrong. The rule states definitely that after a tie the black shall be spotted and the first score or forfeit ends the game.

A much more difficult problem was that in which four players were enjoying a game of snooker. One cueist had a score of 27 to his credit when it was discovered that he was playing out of his turn. Should he lose the points he had scored? That was the friendly query. The answer is no. He was entitled to all points scored up to the point that "foul" was declared.

The decisions quoted are the result of disputes which have arisen in recent months.

In club games members usually care not who finishes in front. Main objective is to get the benefit of healthy recreation in genial company. At the same time, the rules must be adhered to or the game becomes farcical.

Latest advices are to the effect that Walter Lindrum will make another trip to England this year and defend his world title. At the moment there are many obstacles to be overcome. Walter has a nice business in Victoria and rushing away to oblige would-be challengers does not appeal over-much. The champion's edict through the years has been "all challengers will be accom-

(Continued on Page 20.)

DATES FOR RACING FIXTURES

1939

JANUARY.

Tattersall's Monday, 2nd
 Ascot Wednesday, 4th
 Moorefield Saturday, 7th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 11th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 14th
 Kensington Wednesday, 18th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 21st
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 25th
 Australian Jockey Club, Saturday, 28th
 Australian Jockey Club, Monday, 30th

FEBRUARY.

Rosebery Wednesday, 1st
 Rosehill Saturday, 4th
 Ascot Wednesday, 8th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 11th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 15th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 18th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 22nd
 Kensington Saturday, 25th

MARCH.

Ascot Wednesday, 1st
 Moorefield Saturday, 4th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 8th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 11th
 Hawkesbury Wednesday, 15th
 Rosehill Saturday, 18th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 22nd
 Rosehill Saturday, 25th
 Kensington Wednesday, 29th

APRIL.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 1st
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 5th
 Australian Jockey Club, Saturday, 8th
 Australian Jockey Club, Monday, 10th
 Australian Jockey Club, Wed., 12th
 Australian Jockey Club, Saturday, 15th
 Ascot Wednesday, 19th
 City Tattersall's Saturday, 22nd
 Rosebery Wednesday, 26th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 29th

MAY.

Hawkesbury Wednesday, 3rd
 Moorefield Saturday, 6th
 Kensington Wednesday, 10th
 Tattersall's Saturday, 13th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 17th
 Moorefield Saturday, 20th
 Rosehill Wednesday, 24th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 27th
 Ascot Wednesday, 31st

JUNE.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 3rd
 Kensington Wednesday, 7th
 Australian Jockey Club, Saturday, 10th
 Australian Jockey Club, Monday, 12th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 14th
 Rosehill Saturday, 17th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 21st
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 24th
 Ascot Wednesday, 28th

JULY.

Victoria Park Saturday, 1st
 Rosebery Wednesday, 5th
 Moorefield Saturday, 8th
 Kensington Wednesday, 12th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 15th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 19th
 Ascot Saturday, 22nd
 Kensington Wednesday, 26th
 Moorefield Saturday, 29th

AUGUST.

Kensington Wednesday, 2nd
 Rosehill Saturday, 5th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Monday, 7th
 Ascot Wednesday, 9th
 Rosebery Saturday, 12th
 Ascot Wednesday, 16th
 Moorefield Saturday, 19th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 23rd
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 26th
 Kensington Wednesday, 30th

SEPTEMBER.

Canterbury Park Saturday, 2nd
 Rosebery Wednesday, 6th
 Tattersall's Saturday, 9th
 Ascot Wednesday, 13th
 Rosehill Saturday, 16th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Wed., 20th
 Hawkesbury Saturday, 23rd
 Rosebery Wednesday, 27th
 Australian Jockey Club, Saturday, 30th

OCTOBER.

Australian Jockey Club, Monday, 2nd
 (Eight-Hours Day)
 Australian Jockey Club Wed., 4th
 Australian Jockey Club, Saturday, 7th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 11th
 City Tattersall's Saturday, 14th
 Ascot Wednesday, 18th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 21st
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 25th
 Rosehill Saturday, 28th

NOVEMBER.

Kensington Wednesday, 1st
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 4th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 8th
 Moorefield Saturday, 11th
 Ascot Wednesday, 15th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 18th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 22nd
 Rosehill Saturday, 25th
 Hawkesbury Wednesday, 29th

DECEMBER.

Canterbury Park Saturday, 2nd
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Wed., 6th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 9th
 Kensington Wednesday, 13th
 Rosehill Saturday, 16th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 20th
 Australian Jockey Club, Saturday, 23rd
 Australian Jockey Club, Tuesday, 26th
 (Boxing Day)
 Kensington Wednesday, 27th
 Tattersall's Saturday, 30th

Do You Know?

- **THAT** we have the finest indoor Swimming Pool in Australia, with sunlight, fresh air and sparkling water.
- **THAT** any man can, and every man should, learn to swim. It's easy, healthful, beneficial. The Attendant in the Pool will teach you free of charge.
- **THAT** you can take that cold out of your system by spending an hour or so in the Turkish Bath. It's a cheap and pleasant method.
- **THAT** Duo - Therapy Treatment is now available to members in the Athletic Department.
- **THAT** you cannot find a more comfortable home than the Club when the family is away. Moderate rates, continuous service.

The Mother State

A Chateau Tanunda Historical Feature

SERIES No. 31



Sussex Street at the Market Street intersection.

COMMERCIAL IMPORTANCE OF SUSSEX STREET

FOR considerably more than a hundred years Sussex Street has maintained its position of importance in the commercial life of Sydney, its importance being divided principally between the shipping and produce trades. There are other forms of business in Sussex Street, of course, but it is in connection with these two great industries that it is best known. In this respect Sussex Street came into prominence very early in the story of New South Wales, its proximity to the water being principally responsible for this, for during the first seventy years of Sydney's existence the greater proportion of trade with the city was confined to shipping. Roads to the coastal towns were in a poor state and freight charges were high, so that as a natural result all produce that could be sent by water was brought to Sydney in that fashion. At that time, of course, such places as Parramatta, Windsor, and Richmond were served by established shipping services.

IN 1838, when the young colony was but fifty years of age, and in which year William Tucker established the business of Tucker and Company, Sussex Street was firmly established in its commercial importance, as the following interesting extract from a guide book of that year will prove:—

"So named in honour of His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, Sussex Street is upwards of 5000 feet in length, passing through its whole extent at a short distance from the waters of Darling Harbour, between the head of that bay and the cove, or boat harbour, which shoots into the land from Darling Harbour, on the north side of the projection of the land known as the Soldier's Point, which has received this appropriate name from the site on which the military bathing-house is erected, and whither the soldiers of the garrison repair to enjoy the luxurious, and in this warm climate, almost indispensable refreshment of the salt water bath. This street, throughout its whole length, is but slightly elevated above the level of Darling Harbour — and perhaps for its length, has more valuable merchandise and other property conveyed through it than any other street in Sydney. In order to prove this, it is merely necessary to state that there are not less than eight flour mills, belonging to the first merchants in the colony, to be found, all actively at work, on its western side; and besides the patent slip and several other ship and boat building yards, there are upwards of a dozen of large wharves, most of them always occupied by shipping either loading or taking in their cargoes, which are generally of the most valuable description.

"FOR many years the shores of Darling Harbour, on the western side of Sussex Street, were regarded as land of little or no value; but no sooner had Sydney begun to rise in importance as a commercial town, than the land in this vicinity had its value discovered, and almost the whole of the water frontage was secured by men of capital, who have of late years further enhanced its value by the erection of substantial and extensive warehouses, stores, and other buildings, which their increasing mercantile transactions have rendered necessary; many of these are of hewn freestone and will bear comparison with most of the stone houses and commercial depositories of the most respectable firms of either South or North Britain, whether as regards their extent or the convenient manner in which they have been arranged, independent of the durable and substantial materials of which they have been constructed."

BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

(Continued from Page 17.)

modated with despatch, but, the games must be played in Australia."

The last challenge match for the title took place in 1938 and it is recorded that the £100 stake money was lodged by Lindrum some time before that of the challenger. This is only quoted to show the champion's readiness at all times to throw his title into the "ring."

It is quite on the cards, if Walter does go abroad, that he will land back in Australia with at least two champions with whom he will give exhibitions in every State of the Commonwealth. That is the main objective behind the move. A good one, too, for us, if it comes off. 1939 might hold much in the way of billiards.

THE NEW AGE

(Continued from Page 11.)

The forces which have risen to a new power and scope to struggle for or seize authority present themselves in many guises for pretended betterment. They wear all the robes of justice and humanity, but in all their variety they are working to one end, the undermining of the conditions which ages of human experience have painfully evolved and have approved.

The new age will be a battle for civilisation.

—"The Tribune," Chicago.

THE QUINTUPLETS

(Continued from Page 15.)

contention was that there had been a can of Crown Syrup in the Dionne house during the fivefold birth—and not Beehive. The case wound through the courts for many months before judgment was given the defendant, Beehive, on the evidence of the nurse who had served the meal.

The Quintuplets' 600,000 dollars nest egg would be considerably larger but for the horror their guardians, and Canadians generally, have of what they call "vulgar ballyhoo." This attitude explains the guardians' insistence on advertising dignity and their refusal to permit their charges to enter into the farcical game of endorsements as played on this side of the line.

Around Callander there are none of the more gaudy manifestations of showmanship sometimes found in this country. Arriving there, one feels that Ontario is prepared to admit the existence of the Quintuplets, but nothing more.

Obviously there is an effort to preserve an atmosphere less reminiscent of the Midway—an effort to give the little girls every possible opportunity to live normal lives. The hordes who travel hundreds of miles for a brief glimpse at them through a wire screen are not even charged an admission fee. But the crowds are gaily oblivious of this restraint. These noisy, friendly thousands with their holidaying air,

eating hot dogs and buying the unimaginative souvenirs in the booths (Papa Dionne is believed to be clearing over 25,000 dollars a year from his stand alone), are out to enjoy themselves, and nothing on earth could damper their enthusiasm.

Twice a day the waiting crowds in Callander form a long queue, four abreast. Slowly they move towards the Quints' place of exhibition which accommodated about 200 persons at a time. They walk through a covered passageway from which they can see but cannot be seen by, the children at play. The girls' exuberant good spirits, their charm and flawless grooming, their rollicking enjoyment of life, give one an increased respect for Dr. Daffoe and his associates; theirs has been a really magnificent achievement.

But one wonders how long the innumerable compromises can work. The public wants to see the children and will insist, in increasing numbers, on seeing them as long as there is the remotest chance of doing so. It appears that eventually either the children and the family will have to be placed in some kind of national preserve, entirely isolated from the public, or the Quintuplets will have to be accepted for what they are—a five-girl amusement industry whose lives will consist of an alternate routine of public appearances and expensively-bought privacy.

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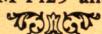
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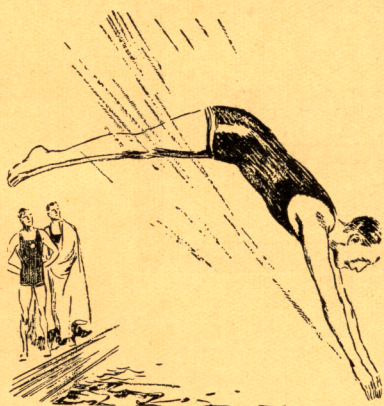
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